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OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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POPULAR TALES.

From the Lady's World of Fashion.

THE LOST MIDSHIPMAN. A STORY OF MADRAS.

Harry Broughton was one of the noblest and most generous of his sex. I well recollect the first day I saw him. We were just about to leave Hampton Roads on the cruise from which Harry never returned, when the Captain's gig dashed alongside, and with the old skipper came a slight, girlish, fair-haired boy, apparently a mere child, dressed in the uniform of a midshipman of the navy. The poor little fellow had been sent to sea to learn an honorable profession, because his father since his bankruptcy could not educate his son at home as became his former station. He stood uncertain for awhile on the quarter deck, alone, neglected, abashed, until the Captain, suddenly recollecting himself, turned round, and introducing him to us, ended by committing Harry Broughton to my oversight, as the eldest midshipman on board. We were soon on intimate terms, if I may call that intimacy which subsists between a youth of nineteen and one like him. But Broughton had a mind above his years. He was, besides, so frank, so gentle, so winning in his manners, that you could not, for the life of you, escape loving the bold and generous little fellow. He soon became a favorite with all on board. Even the ragged old tars would do any thing to please him, and the severity of the first lieutenant himself often relaxed itself when little Harry Broughton, as we all called him, had offended against some paltry rule of discipline. Always the first to turn out in a gale; never to be found skulking like some of the other youngsters, from his watch,—but at all times ready and eager to volunteer on any extra duty, he had gradually wound himself into the hearts of every one on board, from the land lubber in the waist, to the Captain in his after-cabin. If we went on shore Harry Broughton was sure to be one of company, for he was such a favorite with strangers on account of his beauty and youth, that we were always better welcomed if he was along. Besides he was so generally beloved, and was such a merry little companion that few were willing to forego his company. He was sick once for a few days, and there was as much anxiety in the ship while he was dangerous, as if the Captain himself had been lying at the point of death. "Poor little boy," said the kind hearted doctor to me, as his patient lay tossing in the delirium of a fever, murmuring every now and then his mother's or his sister's name, "he may never live to see the ones he loved so well again,"—and he never did live to see them, though his death did not happen as the tender-hearted surgeon supposed.

We had been out nearly three years, cruising on the Pacific station, when we were ordered home,—and glad were we all to hear the news, which was to restore us to a sight of the dear faces we had left behind. We stretched across the Pacific under a favorable wind that seemed to partake of our eagerness. Every thing on board was joy. The long beautiful moonlight night came and went like the sound of music, and a hundred gallant fellows danced away the evening watches to the rude sound of their violin. I remember one of these evenings in particular. We were blowing along under an easy sail through the beautiful waters of the Pacific, gliding by little fairy islands that seemed to start like green Eden from the water, and stealing amid the reefs of coral rock that rose around us in every direction. It had been a sultry day, but now the night had come, and the cool breeze deliciously fanned our cheeks, while the moon floated in liquid beauty above, flooding the heavens in a sea of light, and silencing the crests of the long waves as they rolled lazily up from the darkness below. Far away the horizon seemed gradually to become less boldly defined, rising and sinking in thin tissue like clouds, and then softly melting away into the heavens above. No sound came over the solitary seas, and only the faint ripple of the waves was heard, as they dashed against our sides. The men were forward dancing, and amid the shuffle of feet and the rough, but merry laughter, came up the lively notes of violin. I was standing near the side talking to young Harry Broughton, and insensibly our thoughts reverted to the happy homes we had left behind us in America. Poor little fellow, how eagerly he longed to see that sweet mother and lovely sister of his once more. He could, for nearly an hour, talk of nothing else and as he dwelt upon them his young heart became more agitated with thronging recollections, until I saw in the moonlight the hot tears running, one by one, down his young cheek. He saw I observed him, and looking up, said,

"Indeed, Mr. Seyton, you mustn't think wrong of me for this, I can't always stand thinking of mother and Fanny, when I recollect how many thousands miles are between us, and that perhaps I will never live to see them again. In-

deed, sir," and he wiped away the tears hastily, "one cannot always command his feelings."

"Harry," said I, "you need not fear any one would think less of you for loving your mother and sister. God knows I would be glad to shed tears, if I only had a mother to shed them for."

"Oh! sir, I'm sure you would, I never knew how much I cared for her till I left her, and now I often think of all she used to say and do, and wish I had loved her more when I was at home."

"Ah! you are right, Harry. I once had a mother, but I've lost her now, and I would have given worlds, when she lay dead in the room, if I could have called her back to tell her how I loved her, and to ask her forgiveness for all the anguish I had caused her in my reckless youth."

"How glad I feel," said the little fellow after a pause, "that every day brings us nearer to home. I could almost worship this breeze, if it would only blow all the way. Oh! it will be so sweet when we reach Norfolk once more. I wonder if father and mother and Fanny will be there to meet me, I should think they would—don't you, sir?" and thus he continued, dwelling in his own boyish way, upon the happiness which was only a few months distant, until the night had waned far into its middle hour, and the deserted decks warned us it was time to go below. Poor boy, the bright visions that smiled on his cheek that night, were soon to give place to sad reality. He never lived to see them fulfilled. But I anticipate.

We reached the Philippine Islands, passed the straits, and at last entered the Bay of Bengal. We were all heartily tired of a close confinement on ship-board, and resolved to run up the bay and visit a few of the chief stations of the coast. It was a glorious day when we first caught sight of Madras rising above the distant ocean like a narrow streak of silver, as the sun-light fell full upon its white walls and minarets, while the waves now hid it from our sight, and now again discovered it flashing brightly in the distance. As we stood on with the wind nearly on our quarter, the snowy city rose rapidly before us, until we could plainly discern the long, low beach of white sand, crowned with the walls of the fort above, and the tremendous surf, rolling and thundering in ahead. It was a beautiful sight. The sky was clear and cloudless, the horizon had not a mist upon it, and a golden light flooded every thing around, while the snowy walls of the eastern city rising beautiful into the blue heavens, and glittering with the beams that danced upon their pure white surface, reminded us of the temple of Athens, and sunny skies of Greece, and the old classic fables that flashed in all their brightness on every song-crowned hill. The whole crew leant over the side or filled the rigging, gazing on the splendid spectacle and as we lay off and on, keeping away from the fearful surf that makes the city almost unapproachable from sea, you could hear nothing but expressions of delight from all on board. Every heart beat high with pleasure—and it was no difficult matter to obtain permission to land. A party of the officers, among whom were Broughton and myself resolved on making an excursion into the town.

"Give way, my lads, with a will, boys—pull," said the lieutenant of our boat, as we dashed over the long, dark green waves, and leaving a whirl of water behind us, we rapidly neared the land, "we'll soon be up with the surf give way." I should have mentioned that there is no port for vessels within twenty miles of St. George's Fort, and as our frigate would be compelled to stretch out and in until our return, we had but little time for our adventure. We had intended, when we started, leaving the boats outside the surf, and landing in the flats which being sewed together and without keels, are admirably fitted to resist the jerking of the surf, and can, with great difficulty, be overturned. But when we neared the shore, we saw that none of these native boats were at hand, and as we had but little time to lose, we lay upon our oars just outside the breakers, and called a council to determine what to do.

"What say you, Seyton, to making a dash and passing it at once, it will be something to talk of, eh?"

I shook my head in disapprobation as I pointed to the huge billows that raged by us, and curling over a cable's length ahead, broke with a noise like thunder on the beach, while the shivered waves foamed and boiled in the wild vortex below.

"Give way, my sea-dogs, away!" shouted the third lieutenant coming up abreast in gallant style, "shall we dash on, Mr. Tiller?"

"It looks like a venture where one cast is death and the other a ducking—but what say you, Broughton?"

"Oh, sir," said the little fellow, his eye kindling as he spoke, "they say that an English man-of-war's boat passed it a few years ago,—and I'm sure we can do it too. Besides, sir, we can try it with one boat first—why, it isn't such a high surf after all, and look there, sir, they're watching us from the fort," and true enough, the officers of the garrison were quizzing us already with their glasses.

I still, however, objected. I felt a strange kind of presentiment that some dreadful accident would occur if we ventured in the surf, and I dwelt earnestly upon the possible danger and real folly of such a course. A half an hour at most would bring out the flat bottomed boats of the natives, and meanwhile we could ride in safety on the edge of the boiling whirlpool. But in vain. The national pride of our men had been touched, and the lieutenant seeing it wavered no longer, but shouting the order to give way,—our crew broke forth into a cheer, and then rapidly dashed up the gigantic breakers.

The aspect of the surface as we approached it

was really terrible. The enormous billows rolled in one after another, rising up like monsters in the sky, pausing a moment with their white crests combing before they descended, and then hurling their mass of waters down into the abyss below, with the noise as of some mighty cataract. The very earth seemed to tremble beneath the shock. Far along the coast the waves were running in, curling, breaking and foaming in the gulph beneath, and tossing their snowy spray wildly up from the vortex, while the ceaseless thunder of this eternal worship rose up continually to its great author on high.

"Keep her away—that's it—run her along here till we pick out a better place," said Tiller. "Isn't that a good opening, Mr. Tiller?" said little Harry, pointing ahead.

"You've a sharp eye, Harry, it's the very thing—pull away there, my lads," and we shot into the surf.

Hitherto all had been careless on board, and as we dashed into the troubled vortex every man in the boat felt that a crisis was at hand, which, though voluntarily met, was not the less dangerous, and accordingly the deepest silence pervaded all, broken only by the noise of the oars and the quick orders of the lieutenant.

"Larboard," shouted Tiller, as he stood up waving his hand, "larboard a little more," and riding on an enormous wave we were hurled into the heart of the surf, with two gigantic billows madly pursuing us on our quarter. For a moment we thought the crisis passed, but all at once the wave seemed to lose its impetus, and gliding from beneath us broadside to broadside, it while the foremost of our pursuers dashed against us and heeled us nearly over into the abyss. "The other one was scarce a fathom off, we were losing all command of the boat, and could see with horror-struck countenances the wild gulph below, when a voice came from our colleague outside the surf,

"Look out, there's a shark on your quarter," and at the same instant Tiller perceiving the imminency of our danger thundered,

"Larboard, hard—ease off there,—larboard harder, for God's sake, down!" but the poor coxswain, startled by the ill-timed warning from the other boat, and conscious of the terrible situation in which we were, lost, for a moment, all command of his faculties, and before he could regain them sufficiently to obey the command of his officer, the other wave had struck us full on our broadside, and in an other instant, with a wild cry of horror, we found ourselves struggling in the tumultuous surf.

When I rose to the surface I struck boldly out, but the sight that struck my eyes I shall never, never forget. The boat was already broken in pieces, and the fragments tossing wildly about, while her venturous crew were struggling here and there with the breakers. A poor fellow was just ahead of me buffeting the current which was setting strongly out, and gazing with agonizing looks on the huge shark that lay eyeing him like a basilisk, just without the surf. The horror-struck man looked at the distant shore, then at his foe, then struck his arms wildly out, and as he felt the current gradually sweeping him, despite his fearful struggles, he screamed aloud for succor. But it was in vain. The other boat ventured as near as it could, but it would have been madness to have come closer. They called him to strike aside and get more out of the current, but by this time the poor wretch was so alarmed that he scarcely knew what he did, and after a few desperate efforts, he gave a quick, shrill shriek, flung his arms wildly on high, and disappeared suddenly under the water. The next instant the blood-red hue of the surface told the cause. All this had not occupied an instant, and it was with a quaking heart that I turned aside and struck away for the shore. I felt that there was little hope for escape, but I was a good swimmer, and as long as I could command my faculties, I knew I had at least some chance of reaching land. To do this I hastily scanned the prospect around me in order to escape the current, and find a place where the surf rolled in less fearfully. Here and there I saw a companion buffeting the wild tumult of waters, and out to sea several were being picked up by the other boat.

But the horrid sight I had just witnessed forbade all further escape from that quarter, and I was just turning to plunge headlong through the surf when I heard a faint cry beside me, and saw poor little Harry struggling not two fathoms off. He seemed almost exhausted, and unable to make any headway against the set of the current, appeared striving only to keep his head above water.

"For the love of Heaven," he cried,—Mr. Seyton, here!" but as I dashed toward him the noble boy suddenly cried, "save yourself—I'm getting weak—tell mother and Fanny I died thinking of them."

"Courage, courage," I cried, "I'll be there in a minute, my brave lad," and I strained every nerve to reach him, but the current was so powerful that it baffled for a while my most desperate efforts. One while the surf would sweep us far apart, and now dash us almost together. I saw with joy, however, that I gradually neared the little boy. The boat outside meanwhile perceived our situation, and her crew fired with enthusiasm, cheered as they bent to their oars determined to save us at all risk.

"Seyton,—hillo," shouted the lieutenant, losing sight of us for a moment, "come outside, quick, for your life!"

I was now almost up to little Harry, who still continued supporting himself in the water with weary strokes and rapidly failing strength, when suddenly our companions in the boat shouted, "The shark!" and the huge monster shot along, not twenty yards off between us and our only hope the boat. I had not before noticed that in my efforts to reach Broughton, the current had

been sweeping us more to sea, and I saw with horror, as I made two or three desperate strokes, that I had got into the same tide which had proved too powerful for the poor wretch a few minutes before. The boat was rapidly approaching, but the surf was too wild to suffer it to come to where we were, and between us the frightful monster venturing as close in as he dare, was sailing to and fro waiting for the tide to sweep us out.

"I'm going, Seyton, I can't stand it any longer—Oh! my poor mother and sister—God forgive my sins," faintly said little Harry.

"Hold on a minute, for Heaven's sake!" I cried, for I was already within a yard or two of the sinking boy.

"Hold on," thundered the lieutenant from the boat, "we'll be there, if we die for it—give way, lads, for life, hurrah!"

But the poor little fellow had held on till nature was completely worn out, and casting a wild look on all around, he faintly ejaculated, "my mother, sister—oh, my God!" and then with a convulsive jerk of his arms sunk like lead into the waters. The next moment I would have been by his side.

"Give way, give way," roared the lieutenant wildly as he waved on his men.

"Come on, for God's sake, come on," I shouted as I dived.

But alas! my search was unsuccessful, and when I rose to the surface, I was far away from the spot where Broughton disappeared, and nearing with frightful rapidity the monster on the edge of the surf, who was already poisoning his huge body to turn upon his prey. The boat was struggling in the surf a few fathoms off, but it was yet too distant to promise any effectual aid. I looked hurriedly and with agony around, but no other help was nigh. Never shall I forget the emotions of that instant. A cold, dead, sickening sensation came across my heart, my brain reeled, my joints grew weak, and my arms seemed to refuse their duty, as I felt that the most gigantic exertions did not increase the rapidly lessening space between me and the ferocious monster. I could see his vast fins appearing and disappearing just ahead of me, and almost feel the lashes of his huge tail as it beat impatiently against the waters. He was now nearly at my side; I made one last, desperate, but vain effort to buffet the current, and giving up my hopes of this world and all I loved, I breathed a silent prayer for mercy to God, and shut my eyes upon the terrible monster before me. A moment that seemed years ensued—a moment of torture more horrid than I ever had conceived, when a loud sharp cry rung out, just behind me, and at the same instant a coil of rope fell beside me as a voice called out in broken English,

"Hold on!" and clutching the chord mechanically, I felt myself drawn rapidly among the breakers, while the enormous monster, perceiving he was about to be disappointed of his prey, struck the waves wildly with his tail, and dashed like lightning after me.

"In with him, hand over hand," shouted a voice in the boat which had so opportunely arrived, and whirled along with inconceivable rapidity I felt myself jerked into one of the flat bottomed boats, common on the coast, almost as soon as I had grasped the rope. At the same instant a thundering cheer rung from the crew outside the surf—but forgetful of everything but my wonderful preservation, I fell down on my knees and thanked God that I was alive. When again I looked around, I saw we were riding in upon the surf, and that the huge monster, disappointed of his prey, had suddenly sheered out to sea as we entered the foam of the breakers. We were soon landed safe upon the coast, and I had then time to learn the manner of my deliverance. We had happily been seen, and a boat had been sent to rescue us, which had already taken up several of our crew, when they discovered me struggling against the current, and had come at once to my aid, and had I not been so much engaged in endeavoring to save poor Harry, I would have noticed their approach sooner. As it was, only four of our crew were lost. Poor Harry, thank God! was washed on shore that same afternoon, and there was not a dry eye in the ship when they heard of his untimely end. Few of us that would not at that moment, have died to bring him back to life. Even the old quarter-master wept over his little grave; and the good chaplain, as he read the service with a faltering voice, watered the grave with his tears. Poor little fellow, they laid him there in his narrow home, far from his land and those he loved, and he too so young that he was fitter to be by his mother's side than buffeting that fearful surf.

JOE SACABASTIN'S RECEIPT.—Joe, one of our Penobscot Indians, not long since was sued for the sum of \$5, by a white man, before Square Johnson. On the day of the trial, Joe made his appearance and tendered the requisite amount for debt and costs, and demanded a receipt in full.

"Why Joe, it is not usual—it is entirely unnecessary," said the Squire.

"O, yes! me want 'um receipt, sartin."

"I tell you, Joe, a receipt will do you no good."

"Sartin, Squire Johnson, I want 'um."

"What do you want it for, Joe?"

"O, suppose me die and go to Heaven, then suppose they say, 'Well, Joe Sacabasto, you owe any man now?' Then me say, 'N. Very well, me say 'um Ben Johnson?' O, yes, me say 'um. Well, then, squire show 'um receipt.' Then me have to go away down—and run off over—to hunt 'um up Squire Johnson!"

STORY OF AN AMERICAN BEAR.—Many years ago a cub bear was caught by a stout lad near the borders of Lake Winnepiseogee, (in New-Hampshire,) carried into the town, and after proper drilling became the playfellow of the boys of the village, and often accompanied them to the school house. After passing a few months in civilized society, he made his escape into the woods, and after a few years was almost forgotten. The school house, meantime, had fallen from the school master's into the school mistress' hands; and instead of large boys learning to write and cypher, small boys and girls were taught in the same place knitting and spelling. One winter's day, after a mild fall of snow, the door had been left open by some urchin going out, when, to the unspeakable horror of the spectacled dame and her four score hopeful scholars, an enormous bear walked in, in the most familiar manner in the world, and took a seat by the fire. Huddling over the benches as fast as they could, the children crowded about their school mistress, who had fled to the furthest corner of the room; and there they stood crying and pushing, to escape the horror of being eaten first. The bear sat snuffing and warming himself by the fire, showing great signs of satisfaction, but putting off his meal until he had warmed himself thoroughly. The screams of the children continued; but the school house was far from any other habitation, and the bear did not seem at all embarrassed by the outcry. After sitting and turning himself about for some time, Bruin got up on his hind legs, and shoving to the door, began to take down, one by one, the hats, bonnets and satchels that hung on several rows pegs behind it. His memory had not deceived him; for they contained, as of old, the children's dinners, and he had arrived before the holiday. Having satisfied himself with their cheese, bread, pies, dough-nuts and apples, Bruin smelt at the mistress' desk; but finding it locked, gave himself a shake of resignation, opened the door and disappeared. The alarm was given, and the amiable creature was pursued and killed; very much to the regret of the town's people, when it was discovered, by some marks on his body, that it was their old friend and play-fellow.

THE DEGRADING HABIT OF SWEARING.—It is not easy to perceive what honor or credit is connected with swearing! Does any man receive a promotion because he is a notable blusterer? Or does any man advance to dignity because he is expert in profane swearing? No. Low must be the character, which such impertinence will not degrade. Inexcusable, therefore, must be the practice which has neither reason nor passion to support it. The drunkard has his cups; the leecher his mistress; the satirist his revenge; the ambitious man his preterments; the miser his gold; but the common swearer has nothing; he is a tool at large, sells his soul for nought, and drudges the service of the devil gratis.—Swearing is void of all plea. It is not the native offspring of the soul, nor interwoven with the texture of the body, nor in any way allied to our frame. For, as a great man (Tillotson) expresses it, "though some men pour out oaths as though they were natural, yet no man was ever born of a swearing constitution." But it is a custom, a low and paltry custom, picked up by low and paltry spirits, who have no sense of honor, no regard for decency; but are forced to substitute some rhapsody of nonsense to supply the vacancy of good sense. Hence the silliness of the practice can only be equalled by the silliness of those who have adopted it.—Rev. Dr. Lamont.

THINGS THAT I HAVE SEEN.—I have seen a farmer build a house so large and fine that the Sheriff turned him out of doors.

I have seen a young man sell a good farm, turn merchant, break, and die in an insane hospital.

I have seen a farmer travel about so much, that there was nothing at home worth looking after.

I have seen a rich man's son idle away years of his prime of life, in dissipation, and end his career in the poor house.

I have seen the disobedience of a son "bring down the grey hairs of his father to the grave."

Farmer's Cabinet.

EVADING A FINE.—On Thursday last a sleigh to which two fine horses were attached, and in which sat a dashing buck and two extremely beautiful ladies, was seen dashing down the six Avenue, Philadelphia, at the rate of ten miles an hour. The horses were without bells, and people stopped, looked and marvelled in silence, until, when near Fourth street, a child narrowly escaped being crushed beneath the runner of the vehicle.

"Hollo," exclaimed an old gentleman to the buck who had halted, "you will be fined?"

"Fined, what for?"

"Because you have no bells."

"Bells!" exclaimed the tonish driver, "no bells!—you are a blind; do you not see them?"

"See them—where?"

"Here!"—pointing to the ladies,—if these are not bells where are they?"

His wit saved him from the merited consequences of his daring and carelessneas.

DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION, Held at the State House, Augusta, February, 27 1844.

The Convention was called to order by the Hon. David Dunn of Poland, and on his nomination, Hon. William Frye of Bethel, was chosen Chairman.

Leonard J. Thomas of Eden, and Ebenezer Knowlton of Montville, were chosen Secretaries.

On motion of Mr. Dunn,
Messrs. Dunn, Otis of St George, Deering of Waterborough, Ames of Thomastown and Benson of Epsworth, were appointed a committee to receive, sort and count the votes for a candidate for Governor.

On motion of Mr. French,
Messrs. French of Nobleboro, Dunn of Poland, Rose of Newport, Sawtelle of Norridgewock, Ryerson of Sumner, Rawson of Eastport, Knowlton of Liberty, Allen of Alfred, Bailey of Bristol, Morrill of Madison and Anderson of Wiscasset, were appointed a committee to draft Resolutions.

The committee appointed to receive, sort and count the votes for candidate for Governor, reported that the whole number of votes cast was 105, all of which were for HUGH J. ANDERSON.

On motion of Mr. Atwood,
A committee of five was raised to receive, sort and count the votes for candidates for Electors at Large, and Messrs. Atwood of Orlington, Parcher of Ellsworth, Jarvis of Surry, Morrill of Madison, and Lowell of Biddeford, were appointed said Committee.

On motion of Mr. Emery,
A committee was raised, consisting of Messrs. Emery of Gorham, Sawtelle, and Mildram of Wells, to notify the Hon. Hugh J. Anderson, that he had been nominated by the Convention, as the Democratic candidate for the next political year.

Mr. Emery reported that the Hon. Hugh J. Anderson was out of town, and therefore his answer could not be returned to the present meeting.

The committee appointed to receive, sort and count the votes for candidates for two Electors at Large of President and Vice President of the United States, reported that the whole number of votes cast was 113, all of which were for JAMES W. BRADBURY and JOHN STICKNEY.

On motion of Tallman,
A committee of three was raised to nominate a State Committee to consist of one from each County, and Messrs. Tallman, Swift of Norway and Townsend of Alexander were appointed said nominating committee. They reported the names of the following gentlemen, which were accepted.

York—Wm. C. Allen of Alfred.
Cumberland—Augustine Haines of Portland.

Lincoln—Arnold Blaney of Bristol.
Kennebec—Alfred Marshall of China.

Waldo—Alfred Johnson of Belfast.
Penobscot—Isaac C. Haynes of Bangor.

Hancock—Rowland H. Bridgeham of Castine.

Oxford—Joseph G. Cole of Paris.
Piscataquis—Elisha L. Hammond of Atkinson.

Franklin—Francis G. Butler of Farmington.

Somerset—Asa Clark of Norridgewock.
Washington—Joshua A. Lowell of East Machias.

Wiscasset—Joel Wellington of Montville.

Mr. French reported the following resolutions which were unanimously accepted.

Resolved, That the constitution of the United States confers no power upon the General Government, either express or implied, to create a National Bank, or any other corporation, for the purpose of issuing bills or debasing the currency, and that we will resist every attempt that may be made to establish such an institution, as an attack upon the rights of the people.

Resolved, That we recognize in the Independent Treasury system, the best mode that has been devised for the safe-keeping and disbursement of the public money, affording as it does at the same time, security to the funds of the government, and facility and economy in their disbursement.

Resolved, That an assumption of the debts of individual States, in any form by the general government, would be a flagrant violation of the Constitution of the United States—an act of high treason to those States that are comparatively free from debt, and making those indebted States pensioners upon the general government, would create a spirit of dependence, inconsistent with their dignity and honor and dangerous to their liberties.

Resolved, That a high, discriminating and oppressive tariff, devised with reckless indifference and unconcern for the important branches of industry, is in its nature and effects opposed to the welfare, and subversive of the best interests of the country and every way obnoxious and reprehensible, and deserving the rebuke and condemnation of a just and enlightened patriotism.

Resolved, That the Federal Government is one of limited powers, and is wholly unwarranted in collecting a larger amount of revenue than is necessary for the wants of the government, administered with a strict regard to economy in all branches thereof.

Resolved, That the Constitution, which was formed and adopted by the several States, created and appointed a common agent, whose powers were specified, to wit: to exercise and carry into effect all powers, which the State by that instrument had delegated, to that agent, the general government, and that the exercise

of any powers not delegated, or of a doubtful character, is an unjustifiable infringement of that sacred instrument, and fraught with danger to the security and permanency of the Union.

Resolved, That the policy of the general government in bargaining away the national territory, has justly excited among our citizens solicitude and alarm, and the question that is now pending in relation to the Oregon Territory, is held to be deeply important, and no diplomacy should be tolerated which would again yield our rightful soil to a foreign government, or suffer encroachments upon the just and obviously rightful limits of the United States.

Resolved, That the recent vote of Congress to restore to Gen. Jackson the amount of money paid by him at New Orleans, as a penalty imposed by Judge Hall, with the interest thereon, is but a just acknowledgment of the injury and all treatment inflicted upon him by a relentless and vindictive judge, sitting in his own cause, and is evidence that sooner or later, justice will always be done by the people.

Resolved, That to restore the landmarks of democracy and ensure the success and triumph of democratic principles and measures, union, harmony, and conciliation must be observed, and a straight forward, manly liberal and honest course must be pursued.

Resolved, That a full vindication of democratic principles as exemplified in the measures of Mr. Van Buren's administration will prove to be for the best interest of the people of this country, and reflect permanent credit upon the democratic party; and in view of this fact, MARTIN VAN BUREN is, and ever has been, the first choice of the democracy of Maine, for the next President of the United States.

Resolved, That the democrats of Maine while they unequivocally express their decided preference for Mr. Van Buren for the next President feel bound to acknowledge their great confidence in the political integrity and high requisite qualifications of the other eminent men, from whom respectable portions of the democracy of the Union have expressed their preference for that exalted station.

Resolved, That the deep impression of the broad seal of federalism, with its devices of log cabins, cider barrels, and conshins, made upon the political escheteon of our proud republic and of Maine, in the Presidential canvass of 1840, can, must and shall be effaced by a decisive and triumphant victory of the democrats in 1844.

Resolved, That the communications and official acts of our present State Executive, have commended him to the people, as a capable, efficient and deserving chief magistrate possessing clear and distinct views of a correct and enlightened policy, imbued largely with good sense, and sound practical knowledge in relation to State affairs evincing an acquaintance with the wants and desire to gratify the wishes of the people opposed to anti republican and aristocratical measures and well established in such political principles as are approved by a majority of the people and render him worthy of our continued confidence and support.

Resolved, That we will support HUGH J. ANDERSON of Belfast, as the candidate of the democratic party for the office of Governor for the ensuing year, and that we will use all fair and honorable means to secure his election.

Resolved, That we view with pride and pleasure, the cheering prospects of the democratic cause, and we therefore express our entire confidence that among other coming events Martin Van Buren will again be President of the United States, and that Hugh J. Anderson will again be Governor of the State of Maine.

Resolved, That we have full confidence in the sound democracy and political integrity of James W. Bradbury of Augusta, and John Stickney of Calais, and we pledge all honorable exertions to insure their election as Electors at Large, in November next.

On motion of Mr. Tallman,
Resolved, That the Electors vote of Maine, for President and Vice President, can be and shall be given to the nominee of the Democratic National Convention to be assembled in Baltimore, in May next, however that Convention may be organized, however voting and whoever voting for.

The Convention was addressed by Messrs. Dunn, Jarvis, Sawtelle, Paine of Sanford, E. Case of the Argus, Weston, of the Age, Patterson, Col. Lane of York, Tallman, Allen, Dr. Ingalls of Bridgeton, and R. D. Rice of Augusta.

Voted, That the proceedings of this convention be signed by the chairman and Secretaries, and be published in all the Democratic papers in the State.

Voted, That the thanks of the Convention be presented to the Chairman and Secretaries.

Adjourned.

WILLIAM FRYE, Chairman.
LEONARD J. THOMAS, } Secretaries.
EBENEZER KNOWLTON, }

ATTENTION, DEMOCRATS!

There was an excellent communication in the Argus yesterday in favor of the immediate organization of the democratic party, to all which we cordially respond. We give an extract.

Let us organize then without delay! And let an impulse, worthy of them, go out from the Portland Democrats. Let Democratic Clubs be formed all over the State, and let us in Portland not be laggards in the work.

As a preliminary step to organization, I venture to make a proposition to our friends. On the FIFTEENTH OF MARCH GEN. JACKSON will be 77 years old—and on the evening of that day I suggest the propriety of holding a GENERAL MEETING OF THE DEMOCRATS OF PORTLAND AND VICINITY, to take suitable measures

for thoroughly organizing their strength in anticipation of the great battle to be fought in the fall. So say we. Let Democratic Clubs be formed, and let not Portland be in the rear in the movement.

The day suggested will be a good one. If the party would conquer, it must organize, and enter at once into the contest. We hope, however, it will plant itself sternly upon principle, and leave humbuggery to the opposition. The claptrap of 1840 cannot, we think succeed again. At any rate, defeat is more honorable than success by such means.—American.

Below we publish an article from the Dublin Nation, in which the subjects alluded to are treated truthfully and graphically:—

The Punjab Swag.

FALSTAFF.—I must give over this life, and I will give it over, by the Lord, an' I do not, I'm a villain. I'll be damned for never a King's son in Christendom.

P. HENRY.—Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

FALSTAFF.—Where thou wilt, lad? I'll make one; an' I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. HENRY.—I see a good amendment of life in thee; from prying to purse-taking.

FALSTAFF.—Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

[King Henry the Fourth.]

An article lately imprinted in a sanguinolent London print (properly called 'the bloody old Times'), respecting the meditated seizure of the Punjab, and the consequent absorption of its territory and revenue into the Anglo-Indian Empire, gives us an opportunity of expressing, as Irishmen, our national disgust and abhorrence of the mingled hypocritical humbug and desperate lust of plunder that seems to characterize the English people, and does certainly stamp with infamy the columns of many of the leading English journals.

"Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack!" is the constant inquiry of those shameless caterers for blood: "who shall we rob next?" is the never ceasing howl of those jackalls of the British lion. Nor is the sound at all unpleasing to all-devouring Bull; he smells a "swag" in the eastern breeze; he hears the chink of silver high over the desolate villages of Scinde; he sees flames like molten gold rising over the plains of Punjab; the descendant of the sea-kings, John Bull, contemplates a sea king, and is as easy to rob as ever; the instinct of plunder and massacre is strong within him; he is ripe for murder and robbery in any quarter of the globe where murder and robbery will pay.

"Pride in their port, defiance in their eyes, I see the prize of human kind pass by"

from province to province, from sea to sea, in search of "swag" and glory; they go forth plundering all nations.

One rapacious outrage upon humanity does not wait upon another, with this mammon-worshipping people. Success or failure seems to be equal to them; no sooner had they evacuated Afghanistan, because they got no money, then they fell like tigers upon Scinde, where there was money to be got. Hardly have the bones of the unburied dead upon the plains of Hyderabad been picked by the vultures, than the British pant to let loose their blood hounds upon the territory of Lahore and its two and a half millions of annual revenue. Let who will blame them for this, plunder is nothing unless it is well followed; but what amuses us is, that Exter Hall stands where it did all this while; that the Anti-Donkey-Big-Stick-Walloping Association is thriving; that the Quakers' Anti-Cut-throat Society; and the Methodist Missionaries Land-Jobbing and Tract Shop are going ahead; that cant, and crime, and poverty rule at home, while rapine, blood-guiltiness, and plunder lost rage abroad.

And this is moral England—this the palladium of liberty—this the envy of surrounding nations and the admiration of—pish—pshaw—humbug!

There must be something hopelessly wrong in the moral condition of a people whose politics resolve themselves into "who shall we rob next?"—whose soldiers and sailors are careering the globe, eager to pick a quarrel with anybody that has any thing that they can steal—whose messengers of civilization are almost invariably heralds of war—who find or make excuses to cut the throats of people who dislike cant and cottons and reject Bishops and bombadiers—who force Christianity and hardware upon nations from the mouth of their guns—and introduce printed calicoes and Bibles at the point of the bayonet.

What is the Punjab to them, or what the intestine quarrels, assassinations, and reprisal murders of its infamous rulers? Are the poor tillers of the soil to be attacked and robbed because the black-guard aristocracy of the land fall to loggerheads? If two thieves come to blows in the street, shall a man be justified not only in robbing them, but also in robbing the honest men they have robbed before?

But you will see how it will be. Any stick will do to beat a dog, and any excuse will serve to beat the People of the Punjab. Two millions and a half is a splendid revenue, besides prize-money and plunder, promotions for the officers of the Army, and for the Generals, Crosses of the Bath. Altogether, it will be a splendid "swag," and, as the blood-hounds of the press say, we must have it.

John Bull will take the purse of the Punjab; "an' he do not, call him a villain and baffle him; 'tis his vocation to rob, and 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation." Then, when the blood is shed, and the money clutched, he will appear at Exter Hall, in due course, saying, "I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an' I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a Punjab in Christendom."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 29.
Thursday, 3 o'clock, P. M.

All business seems to be suspended in Washington and the city wears an air of gloom. The citizens are gazing in each others faces and can hardly realize the full results of the deplorable catastrophe. The preparations for the great aggregate funeral are now going on. I have just left the President's house, and he is in deep affliction.

Mr. Nelson, the Attorney General, has been appointed by the President Secretary of the Navy, pro tem. To-day the President sent a Message to the two Houses of Congress communicating the information of the awful event.

The House, on motion of a member from Virginia, passed resolutions of condolence with the bereaved families of the deceased, and voted to attend the funeral in a body which will take place to-morrow. (Friday.)

The Senate passed similar resolutions, after some affecting and deeply impressive remarks from the Hon. William C. Rives, Senator from Virginia. At 2 o'clock this day, the six bodies were taken to the President's house followed by one hundred carriages—Mr. Wickliffe, Robert Tyler and other gentlemen riding on horseback immediately in rear of the hearse. The bodies will all be buried together.

Mr. Benton is convalescent and intends to leave his room on Monday.

MRS. GILMER'S DISTRESS.

There she sat on deck, says the correspondent of the Philadelphia newspaper, with her hair dishevelled, pale as death, struggling with her feelings, and with the dignity of a woman. Her lips quivering, her eyes fixed and upturned, without a tear, only the corners a little moist, soliloquizing: "Oh certainly not!—Mr. Gilmer cannot be dead! Who would dare to injure him? Yes, oh Lord, have mercy upon me! Oh Lord, have mercy on him!" And then still more apparently calm and seeming to be collected, with the furies tearing her heart within, "I beseech ye, gentlemen, to tell me where my husband is?"

Oh, impossible! impossible! and he, can he, can he be dead? impossible!

Come near, Mr. Rives," she said, in a soft whisper, which resembled Ophelia's madness, "tell me where my husband is—tell me whether he is dead. Now certainly, Mr. Rives, this is impossible—is it not?" Mr. Rives stood speechless, the tears trickling down his cheeks. "I tell you, Mr. Rives, it is impossible," she almost screamed; and then again moderating her voice, "Now do, Mr. Rives, tell his wife whether her husband lives." Here several ladies exclaimed, "O God grant that she may be able to cry. It would certainly relieve her some. If not she must die of a broken heart."

There are contradictory statements relative to the death of Capt. Stockton. The probability is that he is still alive.

DEATH OF NICHOLAS BIDDLE.

Mr. Nicholas Biddle died at his residence near Philadelphia, on Tuesday morning last. For some months past it has been known to his friends that his health was greatly impaired and his permanent recovery very doubtful. Mr. B. was born in Philadelphia on the 8th of January, 1786. His paternal ancestors emigrated with Wm. Penn. Few men have experienced more various fortune. The Daily Chronicle says he suffered much during his last illness. "His disease was a dropsy; induced by a morbid affection of the heart. Such is its scientific description; but, in truth, he died of a broken heart."

"His friends," says the Chronicle, "the few of whom the winter of his latter days had striped him, manifested the sincerest affection; his opponents, with commendable magnanimity, mourned over the fall of the noble foe; while the many summer flies, who had flattered in the sunshine of his prosperity, but shrunk from its eclipse—urging the acts which secured his ruin, and then joining loudest in the outcry against him, felt and betrayed—too late—that course had not been one of justice or of honor."

THE GIRARD WILL CASE.—The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, it will be understood, established the validity of Mr. Girard's Will, in which the city of Philadelphia is so deeply interested, in opposition to the claims of the heirs at law.

This suit was instituted, not on the ground of the illegality of the will of Mr. Girard in general, but against that clause of it which authorized the establishment of a college, for the education of white male children, between certain ages. It was objected to this clause, that it was void, on two principal grounds. First, that there was no sufficient authority under the laws of Penn. for the acceptance and administration of the trust by the city of Philadelphia, which was made the almoner of the charity—and secondly, that it was not such a charity as the laws of the country would enforce and maintain, because, by the will of Mr. Girard, all ministers of religion, of whatever denomination were excluded from entering upon the grounds of the college, even as visitors, and that this discretion of the will prohibited the teaching of the christian religion to the pupils in the school—the teaching of religion, it was contended, being an essential part of all charity endowments.

"If other proof were wanting," said Newton, "the thumb would convince me of the existence of God." The thumb represents will, energy, and rectitude. At Rome, they cut off the thumbs of cowards, pollex truncatus, whence comes the word poltroon! The Romans lifted the thumb condemn the Gladiator to death. A small thumb indicates little genius for men; little virtue among women; a great thumb, a great thinker; a master of himself.

OREGON NEGOCIATION.—The editor of the New York Herald says that he learns from Washington, that the new British Minister has opened the negotiation for the settlement of the Oregon Territory with Mr. Upshur, the Secretary of the State; but that some difficulties have occurred in the preliminaries, which may cause some delay, although not insuperable in their nature. It is also generally understood, that the President and his Secretary are very solicitous of settling, on a honorable basis, this vexed question—perhaps somewhat arising from the fact that Mr. Webster monopolized all the honor in the Ashburton treaty.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MARCH 12, 1844.

"The great popular party is already rallied almost en masse around the banner which is leading the party to its final triumph, the few that still lag will soon be rallied under its ample folds. On that banner is inscribed: FREE TRADE; LOW DUTIES; NO BARRIERS TO COMMERCE; ECONOMY IN EXPENDITURE; AND STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION. Victory in such a cause will be great and glorious; and if its principles be faithfully and firmly adhered to, after it is achieved, much will it redound to the honor of those by whom it will have been won, and long will it perpetuate the liberty and prosperity of the country."—Catholism.

DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

The proceedings of this Convention we publish to-day. HUGH J. ANDERSON is again nominated for Governor and will be elected without a doubt. Van Buren and Anderson will make sad work with Whiggery next fall. That same old Coon will hardly dare show his head in view of such prospects as now illuminate our pathway.

Three Cheers for VAN and "HEN!"

The duty on Potatoes is about 80 per cent according to value, or about 15 cents per bushel. English potatoes cost about 10 cents per bushel at Liverpool. They could be transported to this country for 10 cents per bushel. Add this to the duty, and potatoes would cost 44 cents per bushel although the original cost was only 19 cents.

The tariff on refined sugar amounts nearly to prohibition. Five or six men, half of whom are foreigners, own all the establishments in which sugar is refined. The tariff enables them to realize enormous profits.

On the authority of the Age we learn that a great portion of the capital invested in the Cotton Mills at Saco is owned by foreigners. These Mills employ a large number of foreigners; and have sent an Agent to Canada to procure other help because they can procure it cheaper than in Maine. The tariff on Cotton goods is very high, so much so that no importations are made. These Englishmen and foreigners are reaping the advantage of our stupid policy.

A FRIENDLY ACT.

It will be remembered that, not long ago, we published an account of several persons who were injured by the falling of a floor in the Richmond Clay Club House. Soon after, at a meeting of the Richmond Democratic Club, a series of Resolutions were passed to assist the Whig sufferers. The mover of the Resolutions contributed twenty dollars, and his example was followed by nearly all the persons present.

The Richmond Whig observes, "Our brethren have acted like men. They have shown that we all belong to the same family; and that though political views may separate us in one sense, yet when suffering is presented to our eyes we are all united. They merit our warm acknowledgments and we make them in the name of the Whig party." This looks well for both Whigs and Democrats. Letting party rancor or party spirit run so high as to poison the better feelings of our nature, is derogatory to humanity. We rejoice to see the reciprocity and sympathy manifested in the above instance; and sincerely hope it may be the harbinger of kinder feelings among political opponents in future. There is neither malignity, dignity nor virtue in treasuring up wrath against a political opponent, whose rights, privileges and freedom of action is coextensive with our own, and guaranteed by the same Constitution and laws.

Same issues in '44 as in '40.—In a letter of Mr. Webster to the N. Hampshire Whigs, he says, "the election of the next autumn must involve the same principles and the same questions as belonged to that of 1840." It would have been very proper for him to add "and we mean to use the same means to cover them in obscurity and render them victorious."

The Whigs are shouting victory and crowing at the top of their voices over the recent election in Maryland. They are delighted with small favors, and affect to feel new courage for an accession of strength, although this State, by all parties, has been considered Whig, and conceded to them as such. Maryland is about as often Democratic and governed by Democrats as Massachusetts. Democratic Governors in these States are like Angels visits, "few and far between." Both seem to enjoy such a luxury as an accident more than a design. "Maryland is wedded to her idols; let her alone!" Without a sigh we give her over to the tender mercies of Clay Whiggery.

Destructive Fire.—On the 11th ult. a fire took place at New Orleans in the loose cotton room of the Orleans Cotton Press, which spread suddenly to other parts of the building enveloping the whole in flames. The amount of cotton destroyed was estimated at \$340,000. The total loss of building and cotton was estimated to be \$375,000. The building was 622 feet in front by 308 in width.

Another shower of flesh and blood has taken place in Jersey City. It is the opinion that an aqueous meteor was the cause. The Milleries are very interested in it. They think it is one of the very last signs of the times, and urge all to look out for the immediate dissolution of old mother earth.

Edwin Forrest, the Tragedian, is building an elegant block of houses in New York City.

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It is rumored that another mammoth defalcation
has taken place in New York. The book-keeper of a
wealthy merchant has by false entries and other means
defrauded his employer and benefactor of \$50,000.

GEN. JACKSON'S FINE.—This fine amounts, in-
cluding principal and interest, to \$2,700. A warrant on
the Treasury for the amount has been sent to the Old
Hero by a special messenger.

Writs for two elections to supply the places of
Messrs. Wise and Gilmer have been issued by the
Governor of Virginia.

Death by Poison.—An Apothecary in Baltimore,
named Lambert Thomas, took corrosive sublimate,
which destroyed his life.

At Nantucket a Poor-House took fire and was en-
tirely consumed. The inmates, eight in number, per-
ished in the flames.

Boots.—Willis says that the fashion of wearing
highly polished horn boots, as high as the knee and
outside the inexpressibles, is coming in vogue again.

Two of the Soldiers wounded by the explosion of
the Princeton's big gun were from this State. Their
names are John Potter and James H. Dunn.

The "Waldo Signal" says it "has no County
pap to go to." What is the reason my good fellow?
Won't the people trust ye?

Trial of Mr. Dorr for Treason.—Friday the 26th of
April next has been appointed for this trial.

TOWN OFFICERS OF PARIS.
Eleazer C. Shaw, Town Clerk.
America Thayer,
Galen Field,
Alanson Harlow,
Alanson Mellen, Treasurer.
Geo. F. Emery, Town Agent.
Democratic throughout, and all chosen with great
unanimity.

Horrid Murder in Philadelphia.—A lad named Peter Doescher was deliberately stabbed to the heart by a butcher boy not 14 years of age named Gottlieb Williams. The deceased sold candy at a stall. He was aged 18. The young murderer was son of a wealthy pork butcher and attended one of his father's stalls. They had a scuffle in which Peter had the best of it; but soon after quitting Williams kicked him. As the latter was passing back to his stall Peter ran up behind him and plunged a knife into his left side. The unfortunate boy exclaimed that he was killed and soon expired. The murderer attempted to flee, but was taken and carried to the Mayor's Office. An examination was had but his sentence was not passed. He was put into the custody of an officer for a further hearing.

Odd Fellowship.—Rev. Mr. Colver, of Boston, is out upon the societies of Odd Fellowship, and has attempted to prove them to be very selfish instead of very benevolent. His lectures produce a good deal of animating among the fraternity. They were delivered in the Tremont Temple, and so crowded have been the audiences that thousands could not get in and were obliged to leave. Some disturbances have arisen in consequence of the immense crowds; so much so that the Mayor and Police were called to quell them.

Slave Insurrection.—An insurrection has broke out at Matanzas. It is supposed that all the Slaves in that part of the Island have concerted plans for the destruction of their masters. An engineer of one of the plantations was thrown into a sugar boiler and scalded to death. Many slaves had been put in iron Soldiers had started in different directions to quell the disturbances.

Will they do it? The following suggestions from the American we fully endorse.
"If the legislature will now adjourn—if they will give that vexed question of valuation to a recess committee—the democratic party of Maine will go into the coming contest under glorious advantages. Let them go home and put on their harness for a strong and noble fight!"

It is reported that Capt. Stockton is recovering. A piece of iron entered his leg, but is working its way out by suppuration. His mental sufferings are said to be extreme. Besides those reported to have been killed by the explosion in our last, five seamen were killed and several wounded as we have since learned.

Concert.—The Singers and Musicians of Paris Hill, South Paris and vicinity are respectfully invited to take part in a Concert of Music to be had in the course of a fortnight under the direction of Major Cushman. The first meeting for preparation and rehearsal will take place at "Lincoln Hall" next Thursday evening at half past six. Ladies and gentlemen, let us go and—"face the music."

Small Pox.—It is stated by the newspapers from Jackson, Mississippi, where the Legislature is now in session, that this disease has broke out with unusual violence. A member of the senate had died and several members were sick. It was feared the Legislature would break up prematurely in consequence of it.

Concerts are taking place all around us. We have noticed them in Portland, Bath, Augusta and Rumford. Singing is a delightful exercise, and charms as well as refines the soul. We feel gratified to find that it is so highly appreciated.

Annexation of Texas.—Massachusetts has passed resolutions in relation to this subject denying the power of the General Government to admit an independent Foreign State into the Union.

Democratic Associations are being formed in different portions of the State. Such an Association could do much good in Oxford County. Will not the Democrats unite and organize.

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Galen Field,
Alanson Harlow,
Alanson Mellen, Treasurer.
Geo. F. Emery, Town Agent.
Democratic throughout, and all chosen with great unanimity.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE LEGISLATURE.

Senate, March 2. Bill to elect members of Congress by plurality was indefinitely postponed. A Bill was laid on the table establishing a Manufacturing Company at Damariscotta. The time of adjournment came up and some discussion was had on the subject. The 11th inst. was assigned for the adjournment.

House.—Bill adding a part of Baldwin to Hiram passed to be engrossed. Bill to repair the Military road was laid on the table. Reception of Distribution money came up. Mr. Knight moved to reconsider the vote whereby the House rejected the Preamble. This motion was laid on the table, and Tuesday next assigned for further consideration.

Senate, March 4.—The Report on Plurality System was again taken up and to-morrow assigned. Removal of U. S. Troops from Fort Kent taken up and to-morrow assigned.

House.—Mr. Little introduced the following Order, "Ordered that the Committee on Finance be directed to assess a State Tax for the current year not exceeding one hundred and ten thousand dollars." A long debate ensued. Some contended that no tax should be raised—others that a hundred and fifty dollars was sufficient. The Order was laid on the table.

Mr. Jarvis made a motion that the committee on pay roll be directed to make up the pay of members at \$1 per day after the 11th inst. and the Speaker and President of the Senate at \$2 per day. Laid on the table. Waldo Mineral Spring Company passed to be engrossed.

Senate, March 5.—Militia Bill was taken up, and on motion of Mr. Brooks to strike out \$1 per day for the Soldier and insert 50 cents only, Mr. Brooks voted in favor—all the rest of the Senate voted against it. A discussion then took place on the sale and settlement of the State lands. A resolve for this purpose is now before the Legislature.

House.—Summer Sessions came up again, but were soon laid down. Resolve in favor of Jacob Main passed to be engrossed. Striking out the preamble to the Distribution Resolve came up.—It had been struck out several days before. The question was whether it should be restored. It was again rejected, Yeas 51, Nays 64. Mr. Jarvis moved a reference of the subject to the next Legislature. After discussion this motion was lost, 71 to 54. The House then adjourned.

Senate, March 6.—The Militia Bill came up, some amendments were adopted and it passed to be engrossed.

House.—Mr. Meder of Brunswick, introduced an Order to the effect that the Valuation of '41 was a good one, and that it was unnecessary to have a new one; recommending the indefinite postponement of the whole subject. After a long discussion accompanied with some half dozen amendments the Order was indefinitely postponed.

Town Court Bill came up and was laid on the table.

Senate, March 7.—Bill in relation to Agricultural Societies was laid on the table by Mr. Holmes. A Bill was introduced in relation to License Law and laid on the table. An interesting discussion on this subject ensued. We hope we may see it hereafter. The Tri-Weekly Age has promised it.

House.—A select Committee to whom was referred the Petition relative to the Kennebec Dam Company, reported leave to withdraw. A long debate ensued. A motion was made to recommit the Report. The Report was finally recommitted with instructions to abolish the toll, &c. Finally passed, resolve in relation to State Prison.

Senate, March 8.—Mr. Sawtelle, to whom was referred the Resolves in relation to Oregon, asked leave to be discharged from further consideration of the subject, and recommended reference to the next Legislature. The subject was laid on the table.

Mr. Sawtelle introduced a resolve requiring that a Committee of thirteen be selected by the two Houses in Convention to sit in recess and make out a Valuation. This Resolve after some considerable debate was passed to be engrossed, Yeas 19, Nays 6.

House.—Mr. Emery offered the following:—"Ordered, that the Committee on Valuation and their Clerks be discharged." Mr. Little amended by adding and "that the subject be indefinitely postponed." The amendment was lost, Yeas 38, Nays 92.

Mr. Bodwell of Acton, moved to amend the order by adding "and that no new Valuation Committee be raised this session." This amendment was lost, Yeas 55, Nays 84.

Mr. Woodman offered two amendments, one to refer the subject to the next Legislature, the other to appoint a Committee to sit in the recess.—Without action on either of these amendments a call of the House was ordered. By virtue of the previous question the Order of Mr. Emery passed, Yeas 111, Nays 20. So much for children's play on the Valuation.

Resolve in favor of Summer Sessions providing that the change shall take place the second Wednesday of May, 1846, was passed to be engrossed, Yeas 91, Nays 40.

In returning from the funeral the horses attached to the President's carriage took fright while ascending Capitol Hill, and run with furious violence along the avenue until nearly opposite the Treasury when they were fortunately pulled up without accident.—*Bulletine.*

A wicked wag at our elbow suggests that the most of our public characters pull up at the same place.—*American.*

Homoeopathic Soup.—A great many good jokes have been cracked at the expense of the Homoeopaths; but we do not recollect one more telling than the following recipe for making Homoeopathic soup, attributed by the Brooklyn Advertiser to the late Dr. Post:

Take two starved pigeons, hang them by a string in the kitchen window so that the sun will cast the shadow of the pigeons into an iron pot already on the fire, and which will hold ten gallons of water, boil the shadows over a slow fire for ten hours, and then give the patient one drop of water every ten days.

An Editor in Jail! The editor of the Frederickston N. B. Loyalist has been arrested and thrown into jail by order of the Provincial House of Assembly for commenting with some severity upon the action of the body. The editor writes from his prison house; and says he defies and despises the body that have, at their mere will and pleasure, without any of the forms of law, incarcerated him.

PROBABLE MORMON WAR.—A large meeting was recently held at Carthage, Illinois, growing out of numerous difficulties of late occurrence, between the citizens of Carthage and their neighbors of Nauvoo, at which resolutions were passed strongly denunciatory of the Mormons and their notorious leader Smith. The Warsaw Message, remarking upon this state of things, holds the following language:

"We see no use in attempting to disguise the fact that many in our midst contemplate a total extermination of that people; that the thousands of defenceless women and children, aged and infirm, who are congregated at Nauvoo, must be driven out, aye, driven, scattered, like leaves before the autumn blast! But what good citizen, let us ask, what lover of his country and race, but contemplates such an event with horror?"

Venom of the Rattlesnake.—Audubon relates a singular instance of the venom of the rattlesnake's tooth, years after it had been removed from the jaws of the snake. Arrows too, dipped in the venom of the rattlesnake, will cause death ages after. The most effectual remedy yet discovered against the bite of the rattlesnake is ardent spirits. Quarts of it can be drunk by the bite person without producing intoxication. If immediately resorted to, and swallowed *ad libitum*, it seldom fails to effect a cure. So Alcohol is good for one thing, if no other.

The Philadelphia Spirit of the Times, of Saturday says—"the Philadelphia Custom House is doing the best business at present, that it has done for years. For the last two weeks the duties have averaged \$40,000 per day."

READ THIS.
Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

THE virtues of these Pills are now cheerfully and universally acknowledged by their great popularity and extensive circulation, and few who peruse this article will be found unacquainted with some proofs of their real excellence, and many will be ready to add the testimonials of their own experience in favor of this delightful medicine.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are designed to ASSIST NATURE in restoring the various organs to a healthy action, by CLEANSING the Stomach and bowels, and PURIFYING the whole System from those morbid and corrupt humors which in most cases are the cause of disease, and thus gives to the patient health for sickness, and cheerfulness for dispondency.

The unparalleled success which has attended the use of these Pills has introduced some unprincipled persons to manufacture a SPURIOUS ARTICLE, which they endeavor to palm on the unsuspecting as the GENUINE MEDICINE, hence the importance of purchasing only of the regular advertised Agents, N. B. Remember Thomas Crocker is the only regular authorized Agent for the sale of the above invaluable medicine in this Village, and do not purchase elsewhere, if you would be sure of obtaining the GENUINE MEDICINE.—int34

MARRIED.

In this town, by B. C. Cummings, Esq. Mr. Levi B. Rawson to Mrs. Lucy Cummings.

In Livermore, by Rev. R. Blacker, Mr. Thomas O. Haskell to Miss Ernestine Benjamin.

In Augusta, by Rev. W. M. Drew, Mr. Samuel Thomas to Miss Britannia Gardner, both of Buckfield.

DIED.

In Waterford, 6th inst. Capt. Thomas Perry, aged 32 years and 4 months. Will to Argus copy.

FREEDOM.

THIS may certify that I have this day given my son MOSES F. KIMBALL, his time with power to act and trade for himself during his minority; and that I shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debt or debts of his contracting after this date.

Attest—E. G. BEAN.
Bethel, Dec. 6th, 1844. *44

FREEDOM.

THIS may certify that I have this day given my son DANIEL H. DAVIS, a minor, his time with power to act and trade for himself. I shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debt or debts of his contracting after this date.

Attest—G. W. MILLETT.
Paris, March 6th, 1844. 44

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, ZACHARUS McALLISTER, by his deed, duly executed on the fifteenth day of July in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the Western part of Oxford County, Book 11, Pages 254 & 255, conveyed by mortgage to St. John Smith and John B. Brown, certain real estate, consisting of six parcels or lots of land situated in the town of Usher, County of Oxford, and particularly described in said mortgage.

The condition of said mortgage deed having been broken, the said Smith & Brown claim said premises by reason of the breach of the conditions of said deed, and they hereby give notice of their claim to foreclose said mortgage as by law is provided.

J. S. SMITH,
J. B. BROWN.
January 20th, 1844. 46

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the 5th day of March, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-four.

ON the Petition of Daniel Elliot praying that the Executor of the last Will and Testament of Stephen G. Stevens, late of Rumford in said county, deceased, may be licensed to convey to him "a tract of land situated in Bethel, being Intervale Lots numbered One and Two at the East end of said Bethel, and also all that part of upland Lot numbered one in the Eighth Range of Lots in said Bethel conveyed to said Stevens by Moses F. Kimball," in pursuance of the conditions of a Bond given to said Elliot by said Stevens dated July 7, 1835, being then in full life, and from executing a Deed of which the said Stevens has been prevented by death,

It was Ordered, That the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the second Tuesday of April next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of March in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-four.

ON the Petition of Lewis B. White and others heirs at law to the estate of Francis White, late of Dixfield, in said county, deceased, praying for a partition of the Real Estate of said deceased among the several heirs thereto,

It was Ordered, That the said Petitioners give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the second Tuesday of April next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-four.

JAMES H. FARNUM, Guardian of the minor heirs of Elias Bartlett, late of said county, deceased, having presented his first account of his administration of the estate of said minors,

It was Ordered, That the said GUARDIAN give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the sixteenth day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-four.

ON the Petition of Lucinda C. Mills, late Widow of John L. Holt, late of Bethel, in said county, deceased, praying for a further allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased,

It was Ordered, That the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the second Tuesday of April next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-four.

BETSEY MERRILL, named Executrix in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Job Merrill, late of Turner, in said county, deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

It was Ordered, That the said Betsey Merrill give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the second Tuesday of April next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of March, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-four.

MERRITT FARRAR, Administrator of the estate of David Farrar, late of Buckfield, in said county, deceased, having presented his second account of his administration of the estate of said deceased,

It was Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the second Tuesday of April next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-four.

Isaac Whittemore, Administrator of the estate of William W. Whittemore, late of Rumford, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of his administration of the estate of said deceased; and also his private account against said deceased; and also a Petition for License to sell the real estate (as a partial sale thereof) would injure the residue, for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased and incidental charges,

It was Ordered, That the said Adm'r give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the second Tuesday of April next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed and granted.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the estate of

JOSEPH U. GREENE,
late of Turner, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

Turner, March 5, 1844. 44

The subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the estate of

WILLIAM A. WHITCOMB,
late of Bethel, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

Rumford, Jan. 2d, 1844. *44

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the estate of

DANIEL STOWELL,
late of Paris, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bonds as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

Paris, March 6th, 1844. 44

Guardian's Sale.

ON Monday the 15th day of April next at one o'clock P. M. at the dwelling house of the late Dr. Joseph Adams, in Rumford in the County of Oxford, deceased, all the interest of Henry M. Marthas H. and Marie T. Adams, minor children of said deceased, in the homestead Farm of said deceased, situated on the North side of Androscoggin River, in said Rumford, adjoining the farm of Jesse Putnam, being three undivided seventh parts of said farm, and of the buildings thereon. Also, three seventh parts of the Mountain Lot, so called, containing 20 acres, will be sold at public Vendue, agreeably to a License from the Hon. Probate Court in said County.

WM. W. FARNUM.
Rumford, March 5th, 1844. *44

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of March, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-four.

ON the Petition of the Administrator of the estate of Jacob Wardwell late of Albany, in said County, deceased, praying for License to sell said deceased's interest in "the Southernly built of Lot numbered Eight in the fourteenth Range of Lots in Waterford, in said county, containing by estimation Eighty acres, which land was holden in mortgage in collateral security for a Note of hand given by one Richard D. Lord," for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased and incidental charges:

It was Ordered, That the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the first Tuesday of April next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of March in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-four.

ON the Petition of the Widow of Joseph Stanley, late of Porter, in said county, deceased, praying for an allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased,

It was Ordered, That the said WIDOW give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Fryeburg, in said county, on the first Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have why the same should not be granted.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of March, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-four.

ON the Petition of the Widow of Henry Tibbette, Jr. late of Porter in said County, deceased, praying for an allowance out of the personal, and that her Dower may be assigned out of the Real Estate of said deceased,

It was Ordered, That the said WIDOW give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Fryeburg, in said County, on the first Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be granted.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the estate of

FRANCIS CUSHMAN,
late of Rumford, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

Rumford, May 5, 1844. 41

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

THE undersigned have been appointed, by the Judge of Probate in and for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the creditors to the estate of

ELIJAH RICHARDSON,
late of Sweden in said county, deceased, represented insolvent. Six months from the fifth day of March, eighteen hundred and forty-four, are allowed to creditors to bring in and prove their claims against the estate; and the Commissioners will be in session to receive and examine the same on the first Saturday of May and the last Saturday of August next, from nine to five o'clock in the afternoon, at the house of William H. Kneeland in Sweden. FRANKLIN HOMER, Com'rs.
JOHN HAMLIN, do.
Sweden, March 7th, 1844. *44

NOTICE.

THE members of the A company of ARTILLERY are requested to meet at the Inn of Geo. Bridgman, South Paris, on Saturday the 10th inst. at one o'clock P. M. to transact all business that may come before them. A punctual attendance is requested.

By order of the Commanding Officer.
LYMAN N. HALL, Clerk.
Paris, March 2, 1844.

WANTED,

A House-keeper, a woman of respectability, thirty or forty years of age. In consequence of the helpless situation of my wife, she being afflicted with the infirmities of old age, a strong, robust woman is to be desired. My family contains only myself and wife. Any one wishing the situation will please forward a line, with the price per week for their services, to

Greenwood, March 2, 1843. *44

TREASURER'S NOTICE,
MILTON PLANTATION.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of land in Milton Plantation, (formerly the West part of Township No. two,) County of Oxford and State of Maine, that the Collector (John Godwin) for the year 1843 has certified to me that the same are taxed in the Bills committed to him to collect, by the Assessors of said Milton Plantation, and the following sums remain unpaid.

No. of Lot.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Tax.
Galea Marlam's land,	73	86	200 60
	74	84	150 47
	77	83	125 37 5
	78	80	125 37 5
	81	73	75 22 5
	80	100	70 22 5
	79	100	150 45
	76	100	50 15
	75	100	75 22 5
	72	100	175 52 5
	53	100	125 37 5
	61	98	125 37 5
	62	96	125 37 5
	65	94	170 51
	66	92	200 60
	70	88	55 25 5
	71	100	55 25 5
	67	100	125 37 5
	64	100	125 37 5
	63	100	200 60
	59	100	125 37 5
	60	100	125 37 5
	56	100	125 37 5
	54	100	85 25 5
	53	100	175 52 5
	52	100	200 60
	51	100	200 60
	50	100	200 60
	48	100	175 52 5
	47	100	175 52 5
	46	100	175 52 5

Stacy's land, 46 | 100 | 175 52 5 |

JEFFERSON JACKSON, Treasurer.
Milton Plantation, February 26, 1844. 43

Notice—Freedom.

THIS may certify that I have given to my son GEORGE V. DOOR, his time to act and trade for himself. I shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

Attest—SILAS M. DOOR.
mark.
Peru, Feb. 3, 1844.—*40

TIMOTHY LUDDEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TURNER-VILLAGE, ME.

C. W. WALTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
DIXFIELD-VILLAGE, MAINE.

